

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Journal devoted to the interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,
J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.

No. 611 10th Street N. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Contributors are Business Men, Business Women, Scientists, Plain People, Travelers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words, people familiar wherever they write, who tell their stories in a way that will interest our suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One dollar per year, payable in advance.
Single copies five cents.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Address all letters and make checks payable to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

NO OTHER PAPER

In Washington receives as wide or as intelligent a patronage among country people as

THE Suburban Citizen.

It enters more suburban homes every week than any other Washington paper, hence its columns afford the most effective way to reach the thrifty people of the suburbs. For advertising rates, address

The
Suburban Citizen,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

We devote a few columns of space this week to the professional kickers, in the hope that they may thus be led to see the error of their way.

Nowhere has American trade made more impression in a short time than in South Africa.

Modern children have great responsibility in bringing up their parents in the way they should go.

A courageous Indiana legislator proposes to fine a baggageman every time he throws a piece of baggage from the car down to the platform.

Massachusetts has prohibited the use of the United States flag for advertising purposes. The flag-makers will feel the blow, but the people will commend the law, and hope to see other States adopt it.

In Bavaria an association of farmers has been organized for the purpose of experimenting with the electrical distribution of power through their farms. The power is to be generated at an adjacent waterfall.

Thousands of Italian women, skilled in embroidery work, have emigrated to Switzerland for the purpose of securing higher wages. In their own country they receive twenty to thirty cents a day. In Switzerland they get from thirty-six to forty cents per day.

Spain has on the average over 3000 hours of sunshine during each year, and yet, perhaps, possesses more poverty and suffering in proportion to population than any other nation. This reverses the old saying of "the sun behind the clouds," and leaves the clouds behind the sun.

Nebraska has no bonded debt. The last bonds outstanding were redeemed and canceled on the 2d of June last, which leaves the State clear of indebtedness with the exception of about \$1,750,000 in warrants issued against the general fund, with a balance of \$819,281.90 in the treasury at the close of the last fiscal year.

Direct gifts to educational institutions from the living exceeded largely the bequests of decedents last year. The latter only numbered sixty-seven, while the former came from 149 persons. The practice of making these gifts before death is a good one to encourage. The donor has, at least, the pleasure of noting the appreciation with which his gift is received, and possibly seeing some of the good it does.

JUST TO BEAT SOMEBODY ELSE.

People toil and plan and stew,
Just to beat somebody else;
Brown beats Jones and Jones beats you
Just to beat somebody else;
When the robber comes at night,
When the soldier goes to fight,
When the poet mounts the height,
It's to beat somebody else.

Lovely woman sweetly sways
Just to beat somebody else;
When the artist wins your praise
It's to beat somebody else;
Life's a game at which we play—
Never resting day by day—
Always in the same old way,
Just to beat somebody else.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.



The Anstruthers Brothers.

By Annabel Dwight.



ISS BARBARA VANE sauntered slowly down the long picture gallery with her slim, white hands loosely clasped before her. She was an English girl, with the blue blood of a noble old family in her veins, and she had inherited the beauty of the Vane—the clear, pale, oval-shaped face, the proud lips, and the calm, sweet, violet-gray eyes.

She was a visitor at Anstruthers Hall for the first time since childhood. Lady Anstruthers was a dear friend of her mother's, and it had been the desire of both families that a matrimonial alliance should be formed between Barbara and the elder son of the Anstruthers. But when the girl was about fourteen years old a terrible disgrace fell upon the Hall.

Lord Anstruthers's name had been forged to the amount of several hundred pounds, and circumstances pointed to the elder son, Clifford, as the guilty one.

The thought that a son of his house, which had hitherto been free from stain, should do so shameful a deed, nearly killed the old man at first, but time deadened the force of the shock—the affair was hushed up.

Clifford's place as heir was usurped by the second son, and only one clung to the belief of the young man's innocence, which he had firmly declared—that one his mother.

Barbara had been at the Hall nearly a month, and Gaston Anstruthers was her devoted slave. She was growing weary of him. Her womanly instinct had sounded the depth of his shallow nature, and found nothing there to satisfy her.

Clifford was coming home from abroad to pay one of his occasional visits to his mother; for since that dark day he had made his home no more at the Hall.

Barbara had a curiosity to see this young man, whom she remembered as a high-spirited, dark-eyed youth; she paused before his painting in the gallery to study it for perhaps the fiftieth time in the past two or three weeks. The painting had been executed just before the discovery of the forged note, when the original was about three-and-twenty.

It represented a young man, radiant with youth and conscious strength and power. The pose of the handsome head was king-like, the dark hair was thrown back from a broad brow, and the large, dark eyes held a faint smile which the grave, sweet dignity of the beardless lips denied.

There was a fascination about this picture which Barbara could not resist, even while she rebelled against it.

"How deep and base a heart he must have had," she thought, "to wear a look like that while he was contemplating so contemptible a deed!"

For Barbara had listened to the whole shameful story many times, and had decided against the young man. And how her haughty lips had curled, and how cold and proud the sweet eyes had grown at the bare thought of the old-time-planned alliance.

She, Barbara Vane, to wed with a forger, who was free from a prison cell only because his old father shrunk with shameful agony from placing him there!

Her dainty head crested itself as she turned away from the painting, but the faintly-smiling eyes seemed to follow her, and she looked back over her shoulder.

A door opened and shut at the lower end of the room, and directly a gentleman advanced toward her from the shadows.

A sudden thrill made her tremble from head to foot. This was Clifford Anstruthers, but oh, infinitely older and sadder! There was no smile in the dark eyes which rested upon her face. A heavy mustache drooped over the stern mouth, and a few silver threads glittered among the dark waves of his hair, though he was not yet thirty.

He bowed coldly, without offering his hand.

"My mother tells me that you are a visitor at the Hall, Miss Vane," he said.

"Yes," said Barbara, a feeling of timidity flushing the clear pallor of her cheek, "and I find it a delightful old place—quite fulfilling my childish remembrance of it."

"That is pleasant," he returned in an abstracted manner, pulling the silky ear of a large yellow hound which had followed him into the room, and now stood with wistful eyes upraised.

A pause, full of embarrassment to Barbara, ensued, broken presently by the entrance of Gaston Anstruthers, who, in full dinner costume, came swiftly down the room, starting a little at the sight of his elder brother beside Barbara.

"Ah, Cliff, you've come, eh? How are you?" he said, smiling in a shift-

ing, uneasy way, as his gaze wandered from his brother's grave, cold eyes.

"As well as usual," returned the elder brother, as, with a slight bow to Barbara, he walked away, the hound keeping close beside him.

"Dinner is ready, Barbara," said Gaston, gallily, giving her his arm. "My mother sent me to bring you."

She allowed him to lead her down stairs, to where a brilliant company was gathered about the glittering board, but Clifford did not join them.

And all through that hour, while dainty jest and brilliant repartee went around with the coffee in her heart of hearts Barbara was brooding over the dark, stern features of the elder son, whose name was never mentioned under that roof without a conscious shrinking.

A month later Clifford Anstruthers still lingered at the Hall. It would be hard to say why he lingered. He was treated with cold courtesy by the old lord and avoided by his brother.

But one in the great house was loyal to him, except the servants, who would stake their lives on the young man's honor, and the great yellow hound, Caesar, who would obey his slightest word.

And Barbara? No one knew her heart. She scarcely knew it herself. She was half frightened at the strange power which Clifford Anstruthers began to have over her. She fought wildly against it; flitted desperately with this one and that one; treated the young man with coldness, sometimes with positive rudeness, and went on dreaming of him the more by night and thinking of him the more by day.

Barbara was twenty years old, and very proud. She had great visions of her future magnificence; so, when a tiny whisper in her heart said that this was love she rejected the idea with indignant scorn, and plunged the deeper into all the gay revelry at the Hall.

And on the night of the grand New Year ball, Gaston, carrying her away to the conservatory, asked her to be his wife.

Barbara had been waiting; she was dizzy and confused, and hardly knew what he was saying until he fell down on his knees before her, and raised her hands to his lips.

"Stop!" she cried, snatching her hands away. "What is this you ask of me—to be your wife? Impossible! Forgive me, Gaston, if I have seemed to encourage you, but indeed I do not love you as I must love the man who becomes my husband."

Gaston Anstruthers arose to his feet with an unpleasant glitter in his eyes.

"You are our guest, Miss Barbara," he said; "it is not for me to give my opinion of your course of action. However, as I find you so often before my brother's picture in the gallery, and find this—here he threw a pencil sketch of Clifford's head, which he had snatched from his breast, into her lap—"

"—and find this where it has dropped from your portfolio, I conclude that while amusing yourself by a flirtation with me you have really been falling in love with Clifford, who, unfortunately—oh, the sneering voice!—"is not in a position to marry."

There was a hasty movement behind the tall cactus to the left of them, and, as Barbara arose, pale and trembling with indignation, Clifford Anstruthers stepped forth with blazing eyes and clenched fist, as though he would strike his brother down.

But as Gaston covered and paled—with a deprecating gesture before his brother, the man's passion died out suddenly, the clenched fist loosened, and he motioned Gaston away.

"There—go!" he said, with cold scorn. "Go," with a curl of the lip; "you have nothing to fear."

With a last imploring look at Clifford which was not lost upon Barbara, Gaston left them alone together.

Clifford possessed himself of the sketch—the unlucky sketch which Barbara was so sure of having hidden safely away—and was regarding it gravely.

She made a movement to pass him, but he was in her way, and she was angry with herself for flushing so hotly when he looked up.

He smiled at her tenderly, a smile that brought back the old wonderful beauty to his dark face, and Barbara's heart leaped to her throat.

A fierce longing to believe in his innocence assailed her as she stood there before him, his gaze holding hers, while softened and saddened through the dusk fragrance about them came the strains of music from the ball-room.

Each one was sure in that one fateful moment of the other's love.

With a dry sob the girl pushed him aside with her trembling hands and swept by him. But when she reached the door and looked back and saw him standing with bowed head, she returned to his side and touched his arm timidly.

"Clifford," she said, "I will not leave you unless you bid me."

"I do bid you!" he returned, lifting his head to look steadily at her. "Go!"

A slight shadow fell over her face, but she moved away obediently, when with a sudden movement he gathered her in his arms, and, pushing the fair hair from her temples, kissed her brow and eyes, and lips, slowly and solemnly, as one who takes an eternal farewell.

"Good-by!" she said, tremulously, when he released her.

"Good-by!" he replied.

And he held the door open and watched her while she passed from his sight among the shifting figures of the ball-room.

A week later, after Clifford had returned to France and Barbara had gone home, Lady Anstruthers brought Gaston a long letter, which she had written to the girl, with the request that he would direct it for her.

Gaston received it with a silent bend of his head.

His mother did not know that their late guest had rejected him.

He had, ready sealed, a letter to his brother Clifford; and he made a very natural mistake in directing the letters, for he used the same heavy, cream-laid, monogrammed envelopes that his mother did.

The consequence was that, two days later, Barbara received the letter addressed to Clifford, which was nothing less than a weak appeal for clemency and silence, and which revealed the astounding fact that Gaston, the younger brother, was the guilty one who forged the note, in order to liquidate some gambling debts, which he dared not confess to his father, and that, circumstances convicting Clifford, he had kept silent—beyond protesting his innocence—at the frantic entreaties of the young scamp who had been greatly beloved by him.

Barbara, despite her gentle, graceful manners, no sweet yes, had much decision of character.

She knew that Gaston would attend the races on the following week.

She had friends there, and she went down to visit them, and went to Gaston's hotel, thickly veiled.

In a few quiet words the matter was laid before him, together with the alternative.

"If you do not make a full confession to your father and clear every shadow of suspicion from Clifford's name, I will noise this matter abroad among all your friends. Choose at once!"

His rage and smothered curses availed nothing. The lovely, high-bred girl was as cold and hard as a marble statue, and as white.

But after she had won his sullen promise to right the wrong, and had reached her chamber, she was flushed and tearful and radiant.

It was Gaston who went away a month later, and Clifford who came home.

Gaston put the ocean between himself and England, and settled in America, where he finally married a wealthy banker's daughter, who probably knew nothing of her husband's real history.

And Clifford was called home to be greeted by his father's remorseful prayers for forgiveness and his mother's happy tears.

But the girl who loved him, and who had brought all this about—she was very shy. She fretted herself with all sorts of suppositions.

Perhaps, now that the whole world was before him, he would choose differently. Perhaps he regretted those kisses in the conservatory—the passionate love of look and tone—the memory of which thrilled her heart.

Nevertheless, every summons at the door startled her, and flushed the fair cheeks.

And when at last he did come, all the little speeches which she had prepared for such an event forsook her.

She saw the outstretched arms and the eloquent eyes of her lover, who had passed through years of sorrow and shame for another, and with a little tremulous cry ran forward and was folded close to his heart—Saturday Night.

Where the Ships Are.

One of the ocean steamship offices in lower Broadway, New York City, is, like many others, besieged daily with questions as to the expected arrival or the probable whereabouts at sea of its numerous vessels. This office, unlike the others, has always ready an answer that even the passing Broadway crowd may see and understand. In place of a screen at one of the great windows there is hung an ocean chart, in which a baby-blue sea and some brick-red terra firma are separated by heavy black lines, significant of nothing if not of wrecks, but innocently intended here to define the shores of Europe and America. Across the expanse of painted ocean are strung two parallel wires, binding continent to continent in no merely rhetorical sense. And at frequent intervals along the wires' course there are perched little painted ships. These are not imposing vessels, yet in several cases they possess some salient feature of design to identify them with conspicuous ships of the company's foreign service. In other instances, miniature pennants furnish the familiar names. Here the friends of voyagers may be seen in varying groups at any hour of the day, and a glance is enough to furnish some knowledge of those whose arrival at home or abroad they await impatiently. The simple window chart tells all that the company knows, and the saving of time and temper for the office staff indoors is the deserved reward of ingenuity.

Weeds That Puzzled Botanists.

Soil was brought up from a depth of 326 feet from a coal mine in Belgium, and from it sprouted weeds of a species entirely unknown to botanists.

Railroads.

CHESAPEAKE BEACH RAILWAY.

Schedule of excursion trains effective Sunday, June 3, 1900.

Leave District line depot for Chesapeake Beach 10.00, 11.00 a. m. and 2.00, 5.00, 6.00 p. m. daily.

Leave Chesapeake Beach 12.00, noon, and 2.25, 3.30, 8.00, 10.00 p. m., daily.

Take Columbia line electric cars and allow yourself 35 minutes to reach depot. Fifty cents for round trip. Children half fare.

Parlor car tickets on sale for all excursion trains at District line and Chesapeake Beach stations at an additional charge of only 15 cents extra each way.

Otto Meares, A. H. Lewis,
Pres. and Gen. Mgr. Gen. Pas. Agt.

UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF VETERINARY SURGEONS.

223 O Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
Session begins October 1st.
For prospectus and full information, address
C. BARNWELL BOWMAN, V. S. DEAN.

You'll find everything
on the SQUARE
at the

Triangle House

...H. J. SENAY, Proprietor...

The Triangle House is situated at the corner of Maryland Avenue, 15th Street, H Street, Benning Road, Florida Avenue and Blackensburg Road. In fact,

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE

Triangle House.

Cars on the Columbia line stop at most in front of the door and transfer tickets either way are good for 15 minutes, to enable passengers to get refreshments and a free lunch at Senay's well stocked bar.

THE COOLEST GLASS OF BEER IN THE CITY.

DIAMOND PLEASURE CLUB HOUSE.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS, NEAR
CHESAPEAKE JUNCTION, MD.

J. C. GODFREY, Proprietor.

A quiet, orderly place for well-behaved people. Refreshments of all kinds at city prices.

I am thankful for past patronage, but now I am prepared to serve my patrons in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. TRAVERS...

...J. E. BELT.

THE WHITE HOUSE RESTAURANT AND SALOON.

1427 H Street and 1422 Maryland Avenue N. E.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Melrose Whiskey a Specialty. Fine Grades of Union Cigars.
Private Dining Rooms for Ladies.

... TRAVERS & BELT, Props.

THE LATEST STYLE TEAMS FOR HIRE.

SPECIAL RATES FOR DRUMMERS.

Delivery Wagons to be had at any time at

SINSHEIMER LIVERY CO.

REAR 615 E STREET N. W.

— Formerly Rex Stable. —

EASTERN BRANCH COTTAGE,

JOHN FRAAS, Proprietor.

BENNING BRIDGE, . . D. C.

All Brands of Liquors and the Finest Cigars and Beer.
Boats for hire for gunning or pleasure parties.

High View Hotel---

L. T. BRIDWELL, Proprietor.

Chesapeake Beach, - - - Maryland.

A first class resort serving the only 50c. meal on the Beach. 20 splendid rooms, 3 ladies' dining rooms, all overlooking the bay. The highest point of any Board by the week \$8.00 up.

Pabst Milwaukee Beer on draught.

L. T. BRIDWELL, Chesapeake Beach, Md.

Only Union House on the Beach.

THE IRVINGTON HOUSE.

TENALLYTOWN, D. C.

Again Open for Business.

After being closed up for four months, and after making a most desperate fight for my rights I have won and will be glad to see all my old friends at the old stand. Nothing but the best for everybody.

Ernest Loeffler, - Proprietor.

RUDOLPH THIELE,

.....DEALER IN.....

Cattle and Brewers' Grains,

and also Breeder of High-Class Poultry and Thoroughbred Hogs.

Silver Hill P. O.

Prince George's County, Md.

RUDOLPH THIELE,

Dealer in - Brewers' Grains.

I contract for the entire output of Brewers' Grains at the National Capitol Brewery, and can supply dairymen and others on short notice. These grains are pure Barley and contain neither hops nor any other deleterious substance. They make an excellent and cheap article of feed for cattle, horses or hogs.

I am at the Brewery daily from 9 to 12 o'clock a. m.